

February

Featuring:

DICK COLE

BLUE BOLT

10¢



★ BLUE BOLT ★
EDISON BELL
SERGEANT SPOOK

Vol. 2 No. 9

BLUE BOLT



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

YE EDITORS' PAGE

Dear Readers:

The time has come for us to sit down and have a chat with you, figuratively speaking, about two things we have done to make both **BLUE BOLT** and **TARGET** more interesting for you.

First: There has been an overwhelming demand from you for more pages of **Dick Cole**, **The Cadet**, **The Target**, and **Edison Bell**. We can't add more pages to the strips in either magazine because that would mean cutting down on some of the other strips which hundreds of thousands of readers also like. Therefore, we adopted the suggestion that many of you have made and published a complete 64-page separate magazine which is named **4MOST** comics.

4MOST contains those famous four most popular characters mentioned above. There are thirty pages of **Dick Cole**, alone, plus thirty-two pages of the three other characters and two pages of a true story about **Virginia Military Institute**. **4MOST** contains all new stories about your favorites and we expect to publish it every three months unless you want it more often. **4MOST** is now on sale at all better newsstands.

Second: We have received many requests for a stamp page in **TARGET** and **BLUE BOLT**. Well, your requests have been granted, effective with this issue. **Eugene L. Pollock**, formerly the stamp editor of a large New York City newspaper and a recognized expert in the field, will prepare and edit this page. Mr. Pollock will welcome suggestions and comments from you.

The following associate editors have had letters published in **TARGET** or **BLUE BOLT** and our letters to them have been returned by the Post Office:

TARGET: **Randolph Carlson**, **Sioux Falls, S. D.** (June); **George Morton**, **Olympia, Washington** (May); **Budgie Barnes**, **Dallas, Texas**, (December).

BLUE BOLT: **Winston Hughes**, **Birmingham, Ala.** (August); **Hugh Wallace**, **San Antonio, Texas** (November); **Christy Scratton**, **Great Bend, Kansas** (November).

If any of you readers know of any of the associate editors mentioned above, tell them to send us their correct addresses so that they can receive the dollars that are due them. Hereafter, unless the prize checks are cashed within thirty days after being mailed it will be necessary for the editors to stop payment on the checks. So please be sure when writing to the editors to print your correct address plainly and, if you receive a dollar prize, cash the check promptly.

Cordially yours,
The Editors.

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO **TARGET COMICS** OR **BLUE BOLT COMICS**,
292 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK

DICK COLE

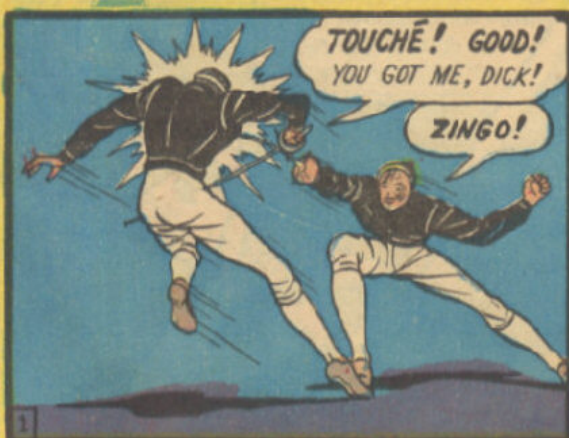
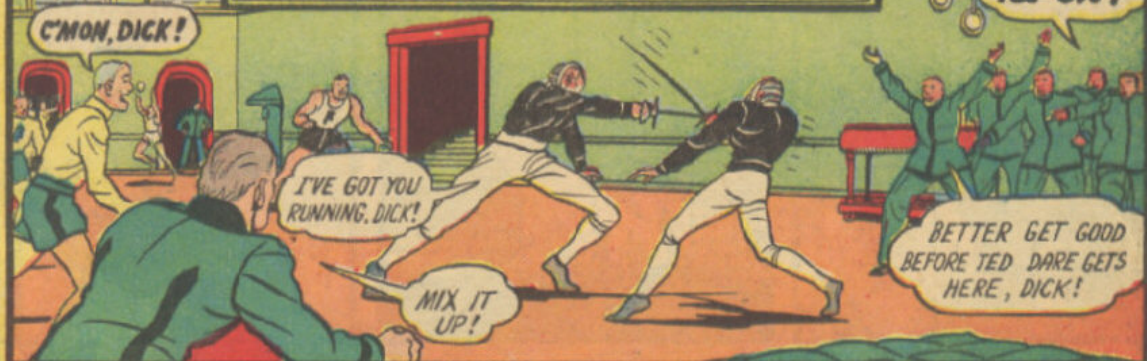
WONDER BOY!

By Bob Davis



WHO IS TED DARE?

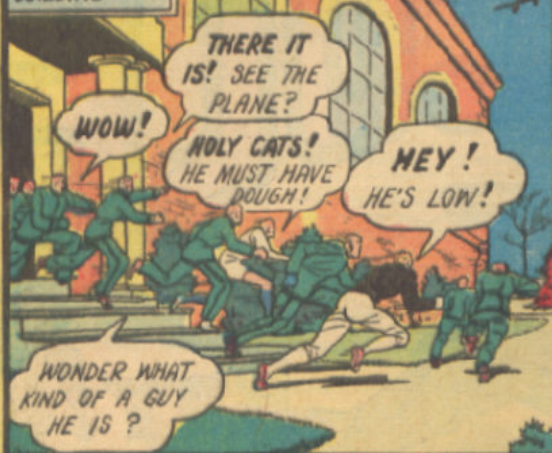
THOSE 'IN THE KNOW' AT FARR M.A., SAY HE IS MAJOR FARR'S NEPHEW—A SWASHBUCKLING YOUTH WHO HAS BEEN EVERYWHERE, AND DONE EVERYTHING! AS HE COMING TO FARR TO FINISH HIS SCHOOLING? AS THE BOYS CAVORT IN THE SCHOOL GYM, THEY DEBATE THIS QUESTION....



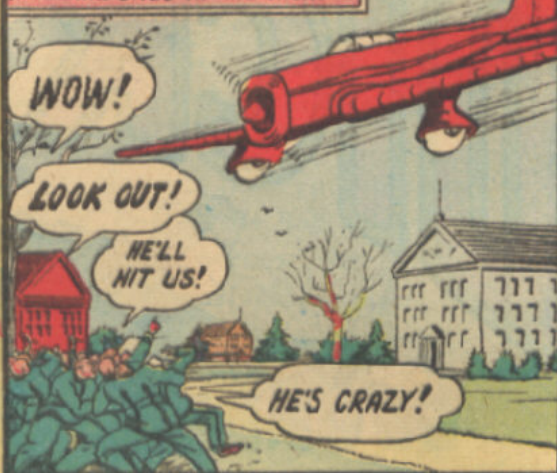
SUDDENLY, ONE OF THE GANG BURSTS IN WITH SOME STARTLING NEWS!



IMMEDIATELY THERE IS A WILD RUSH OUT OF THE BUILDING....



ABRUPTLY, LIKE A GREAT BIRD, THE PLANE DIVES AT THE CROWD!



AS THE PLANE SKIMS UPWARD AGAIN, BARELY MISSING A ROOF, A WHITE HANDKERCHIEF FLUTTERS A GREETING FROM THE PILOT....



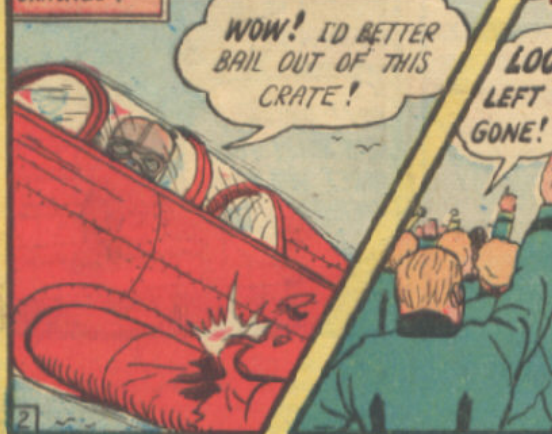
OPEN-MOUTHED, THE BOYS WATCH THE PLANE SNOOP THROUGH DARING SPINS AND BARREL-ROLLS....



SURE ENOUGH! IN A MOMENT, THE FAMOUS NAME IS WRITTEN ACROSS THE SKY....



BUT THE STRAIN OF THESE RECKLESS MANEUVERS HAS BEEN TOO MUCH FOR THE SMALL PLANE.... A WING HAS CRACKED!



WITH CALM COURAGE, THE PILOT CLIMBS OUT ONTO THE CRACKED WING....





ADMIRINGLY, THE CROWD FOLLOWS THE AUDACIOUS LAD TOWARD THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING . . .

GOSH—HE'S TALL!

YOU'LL LIKE FARR, TED!

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT IT, TWIRP?

IT'S A GOOD SCHOOL!



ABOUT NOW, DICK AND SIMBA COME UP . . .

HERE HE IS—THE WISE GUY!

EASY, SIMBA—I SUPPOSE YOU'RE TED DARE . . . WELCOME TO FARR.

WELL—WELL! DO MY EYES DECEIVE ME? OR IS THIS THE LITTLE WONDER-BOY?

SUCH A STUPID, PRETTY LITTLE FACE! ONE WE'VE ALL SEEN IN THE PAPERS!



SIMBA RILES IMMEDIATELY . . .

LISTEN, HOT SHOT! KEEP A CIVIL TONGUE IN YOUR HEAD WHEN YOU SPEAK TO MY PAL! GET IT!

AND WHO IS THIS DOG-FACED MUG? A PRE-HISTORIC GORILLA?

WAIT A MINUTE—



VERY FUNNY—BUCKTEETH! ONE MORE CRACK FROM YOU, AND—

DEAR-DEAR!

SUCH AN UNCOUTH PIG!



VERY SLOWLY, DARE BEGINS TO RAISE HIS RIGHT LEG—

SUDDENLY, IT LASHES OUT!

OO—OO—FF—!



AND ONE DOESN'T SOIL ONE'S HANDS ON PIGS!

ENRAGED, DICK STARTS FOR DARE . . .

WOW! DID YOU SEE THAT?

HEY! YOU COWARD! WE FIGHT FAIRLY AT THIS SCHOOL—AND—

YES—YES—BOY SCOUT—



BANG! THIS IS WHAT IS KNOWN AS FRENCH BOXING . . . GUTE, ISN'T IT?

JEEPERS!

GOSH!

ONCE MORE, DARE'S NIMBLE LEG SNAPS OUT . . . TO DICK'S CHIN!

AS DICK STARTS TO RISE —

NOW, LOOK, SON — NO MORE NOW!
SEE ME TOMORROW
AFTERNOON IN THE
GYM, AND I'LL TEACH
YOU ANOTHER
LESSON!



WELL, THAT'S VERY KIND
OF YOU... I CERTAINLY WILL
MEET YOU IN THE GYM
TOMORROW! THREE
SHARP!



YOU'RE
VERY
BRAVE.
SON, AND
I'LL GO
EASY WITH
YOU!

AND WITH THAT, DARE MARCHES OFF —

NOW I'LL PAY MY RESPECTS TO
DEAR OLD UNCLE ED FARR! WILL
HE BE GLAD TO SEE ME!

GOSH — WHAT
A GUY!

HE'S YOUR
REAL UNCLE,
HUM?



AS DARE STRIDES INTO MAJOR FARR'S OFFICE —

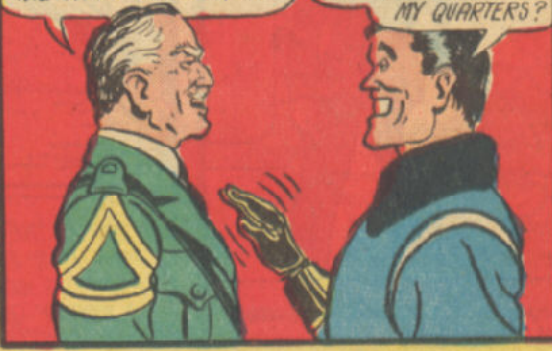
TED! YOU RASCAL!
I JUST HEARD ABOUT
YOUR ARRIVING HERE IN
A PLANE — THEN
CRASHING IT! —
NOW —

HI-YA, UNG! YOUR FAMOUS
NEPHEW, REPORTING FOR DUTY!
RELAX ABOUT THAT PLANE,
KID! NO DAMAGE
DONE!



NOW LISTEN HERE, TED! YOUR
FAMILY'S BEEN TOO EASY WITH
YOU — INDULGED YOU TO DEATH!!
AROUND THIS SCHOOL I WANT
YOU TO SET A MODEL OF FINE
UPRIGHT YOUNG MANHOOD FOR
THE OTHER CADETS — AND —

EASE UP — OLD BOY!
I'LL BE GOOD! WAIT
TILL I SHOW 'EM THE
MOVIES OF MY EXPLOITS,
TONIGHT! THEY'LL
BE CRAZY ABOUT
ME! NOW WHERE ARE
MY QUARTERS?



A FEW MINUTES LATER —
AS DARE LEAVES —

HEY, TED! THERE'S
A HUGE CAR
HERE — WITH ALL
YOUR STUFF!
OVER BY BRANN
HALL!

RIGHTO,
SONNY!



HUGE CAR IS RIGHT! IT CAUSES A SENSATION AMONG THE CADETS —

GOSH — WHAT
A BUS!!!

IT'S A
FOREIGN
CAR!

AND LOOK AT
ALL THE STUFF
DARE'S GOT!

I'VE BROUGHT
YOUR THINGS,
MASTER TED!

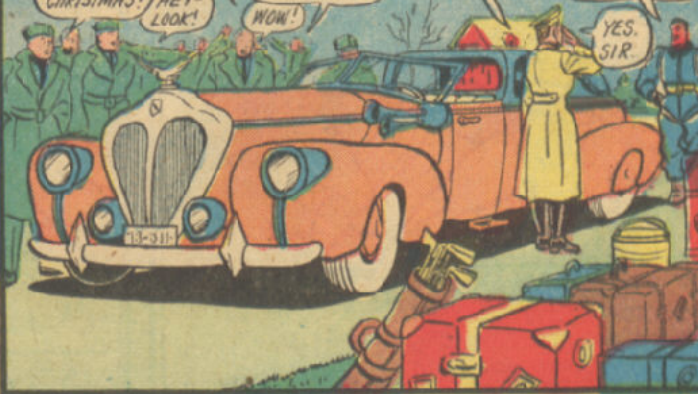
ATTA BOY,
GILES! DID
YOU BRING THE
CAMERA FILMS?

JIMMINY
CHRISTMAS!

HEY-
LOOK!

WOW!

YES,
SIR.



THAT NIGHT, IN THE
BIG SCHOOL ASSEMBLY
HALL, MAJOR PARR MAKES
AN ANNOUNCEMENT....

WE'RE GOING
TO HAVE
MOVIES!

OH
BOY!

ATTENTION, PLEASE!

CADETS—MY NEPHEW, CADET
TED DARE, HAS ASKED PER-
MISSION TO ENTERTAIN YOU
TONIGHT WITH FILMS OF HIS
TRAVELS ABROAD!

WHILE THE FILMS
ARE BEING SHOWN, CADET
DARE WILL EXPLAIN
THEM TO YOU....

DARE
MOUNTS THE
PLATFORM....

HOO-
RAY-!

ATTA BOY,
TED!

HERE'S
HOPING
THEY'RE
GOOD!

THANK YOU,
KIDS! GET
SET FOR A
REAL TREAT!

THESE FILMS WERE TAKEN BY MY
FAMILY AND FRIENDS—AND THEY
WILL SHOW ALL THE MARVELOUS THINGS
I LEARNED IN
MY WIDE
TRAVELS!

OKAY—
LIGHTS—
CAMERA!



THIS IS THE SHIP THAT
TOOK US TO EUROPE—FIVE YEARS
AGO.... WE WERE BOUND FOR
A TOUR OF THE WHOLE
CONTINENT....

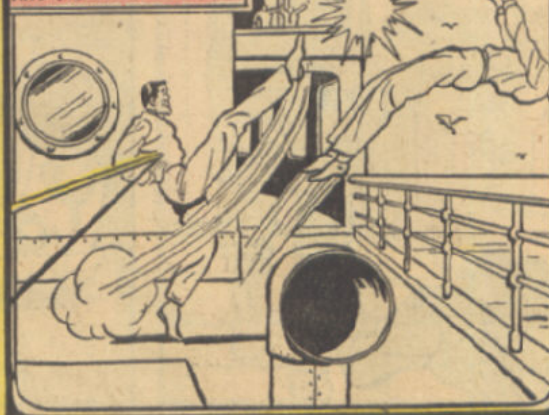


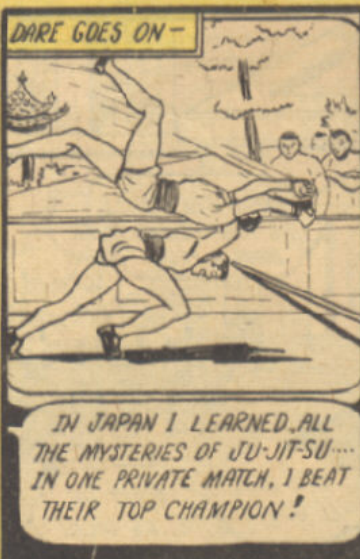
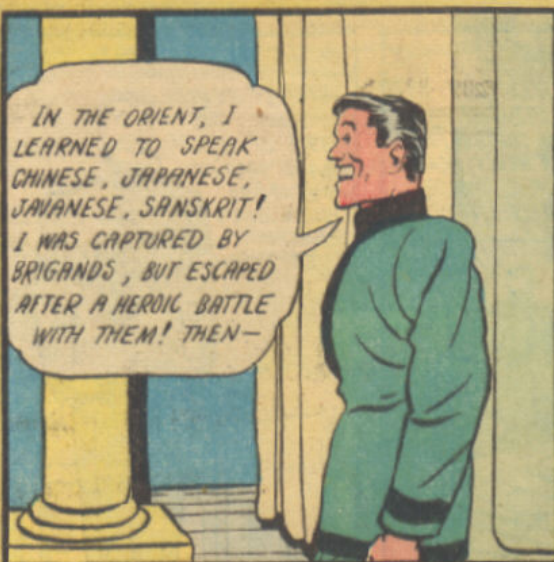
I ATTENDED ALL THE BEST
SCHOOLS—AND IN EACH ONE
BECAME THE IDOL AND THE
HERO OF THE STUDENTS!




"AT HEIDELBERG IN GERMANY—
I BECAME THE MOST INVINCIBLE
DUELIST IN THE SCHOOL!
ALL FEARED ME!"


"WHEN THE WAR BROKE OUT, WE SAILED FOR THE ORIENT....
ON THE WAY A FRENCH ATHLETE TAUGHT ME FOOT-BOXING....
AFTER A ONE HOUR LESSON, I KICKED HIM OVERBOARD....
WE STOPPED THE SHIP
AND FISHED HIM OUT...."







WHY DOES TED DARE—
LINGUIST, ATHLETE, TRAVELER—
MAKE HIS WHIRLWIND
APPEARANCE AT FARR— THE
WHOLE SCHOOL IS AGOG ABOUT
HIM — THE NEXT DAY,
IN THE CLASSROOMS, HE FURTHER
ASTONISHES EVERYONE WITH
HIS VAST KNOWLEDGE —



IN THE ENGLISH CLASS —

CADET DARE—
HOW DID ROMEO
LIKE THE ORDER
OF BANISHMENT?
CAN YOU TELL
US?

TELL YOU? I'LL
QUOTE FOR YOU!
"TIS TORTURE, AND
NOT MERCY: HEAVEN
IS HERE, WHERE
JULIET LIVES!"



IN THE HISTORY CLASS —

—ACTUALLY, MY DEAR
PROFESSOR— THE
BATTLE OF LONG
ISLAND WAS WON
BY GENERAL
CLINTON-HOWES
SUBORDINATE!



AFTER CLASS — MOBS OF SMALL
CADETS FOLLOW DARE AROUND LIKE
GLEEFULL PUPPIES —

GOSH—WHAT
A GUY!

YOU SURE TOLD OLD
GREYBEARD OFF, TED!

NOW I GUESS I'LL STROLL OVER
TO THE GYM AND TOSS THAT
SQUIRT, COLE, AROUND!
I NEED SOME EXERCISE!

HE'S KINDA
TOUGH, TED!



TOUGH—IS HE? WELL
IT'S TIME HE WAS TAKEN
DOWN A PEG!

WOW!

THIS WILL
BE GOOD!

I BET HE
LICKS DICK!

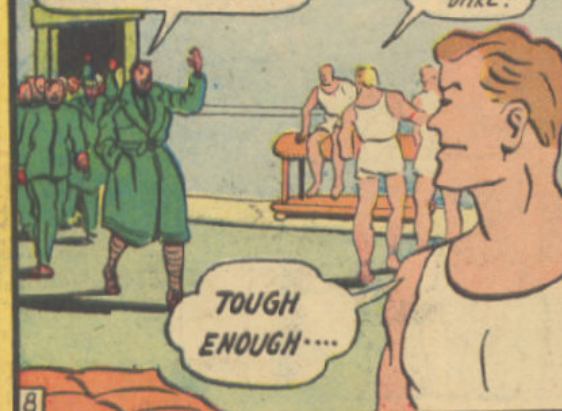


SWAGGERING INTO THE GYM,
DARE CALLS OUT TO DICK —

HEY—COLE! STILL FEEL
LIKE A TOUGH GUY?

OH—O-H— HERE'S
DARE!

TOUGH
ENOUGH —



THAT'S FINE — 'CAUSE I'M
GOING TO TEACH YOU—RIGHT
NOW—TO BOW AND SAY, "SIR,"
TO ME FROM NOW ON!

LISTEN TO THAT,
WILL YOU! DON'T
KILL HIM ALL AT ONCE,
DICK— DO IT SLOWLY
AND PAINFULLY!

ISN'T THAT
INTERESTING!



SUDDENLY-WITHOUT WARNING-
DARE'S FOOT LASHES OUT...

THAT'S AN OPENING!

OOFF-!



RECOVERING, DICK
DARTS BACK -

YOU
SLIPPERY -

HA-HA-!-CAN'T
CATCH ME!



AS DARE KICKS AGAIN, DICK GRABS
HIS FOOT -

CAN'T I - ?

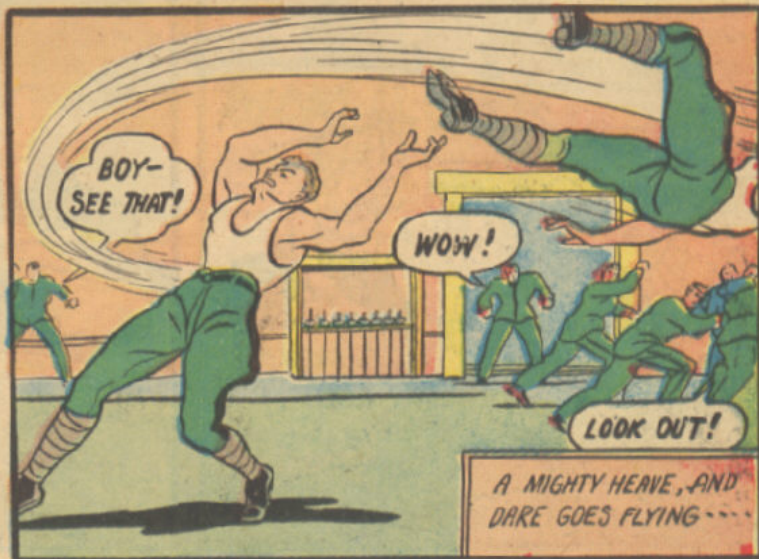


BOY-
SEE THAT!

WOW!

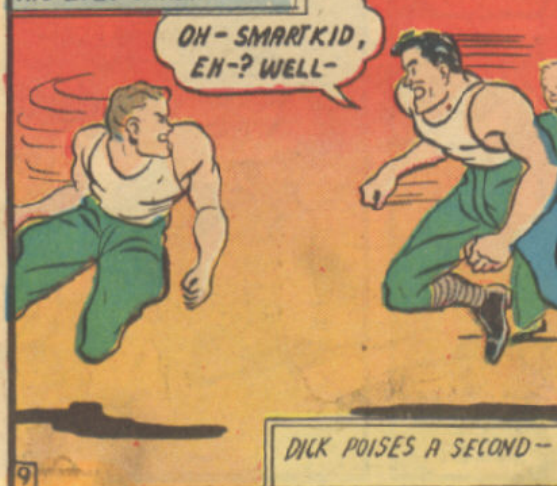
LOOK OUT!

A MIGHTY HEAVE, AND
DARE GOES FLYING -



LIKE A FLASH, DARE IS ON HIS FEET AGAIN -
HIS EYES BLAZING -

OH - SMARTKID,
EH-? WELL -



DICK POISES A SECOND -

THEN -

AWK!

SOCK!

TWO CAN PLAY
THIS GAME, CHUM!





THE IMPACT SENDS DARE CRASHING INTO A RACK OF FENCING SWORDS—



YOU ROTTEN LITTLE BEAST—I'LL KILL YOU!

BLIND WITH RAGE, DARE STARTS FOR DICK—A SWORD HELD HIGH!

SIMBA, THINKING FAST, SEIZES ANOTHER SWORD, FLINGS IT TOWARD DICK!



DICK!
GRAB THAT!

DICK SNATCHES IT OUT OF THIN AIR—JUST AS DARE REACHES HIM!



WANTA DUEL NOW-EH?

I'LL SLASH YOUR HEAD OFF!



CLANG! WOW!

IT'S A REAL FIGHT!

DICK PARRIES DARE'S VICIOUS SWIPE—THEN STUMBLES OVER AN EXERCISE HORSE....



GUESS YOU LIKE TO PLAY ROUGH!

JUST IN TIME, HE AVOIDS ANOTHER BLOW!



TAKE THAT—BAD BOY!

WHACK!

OW!

AND NOW—TURN AROUND AND DUEL!



DARE TURNS—

THAT'S BETTER BIG SHOT!

HALF IN A PANIC,
DARE STARTS TO
RUN—THEN HE
SPOTS A HUGE
WEIGHT OVER
DICK'S HEAD—

I TOLD YOU YESTERDAY—
WE FIGHT FAIR, HERE!

FAIR—
MY NECK!

SUDDENLY, DARE'S
BLADE CUTS THE WEIGHT'S
SUPPORTING ROPE

SLASH!

DICK—!
LOOK OUT!

DOWN COMES
THE MIGHTY
WEIGHT—
MISSING DICK
BY A SPLIT
HAIR!

WOW!

BANG!

FURIOUS NOW, DICK SPEEDS AFTER THE RETREATING DARE—

BY CHRISTMAS—
I'M **MAD** NOW!
WHERE IS THAT
GUY?

SHEER FRIGHT HURLS
DARE UP THE STAIRS
TO THE BALCONY—

THERE YOU
ARE!

GET
AWAY!

AT THE TOP, THEY MEET!

YOU'RE THE
GUY THAT NEEDS
A LESSON!

HELP!

CRASH!

THE FORCE OF DICK'S LUNGE
SENDS DARE FLYING THROUGH
A GLASS PARTITION—

HIS FALL CONTINUES THROUGH THIN AIR - INTO THE SWIMMING POOL....

MAYBE THAT WILL COOL YOU OFF!

YEE-OH!

SPLASH!

A SECOND LATER, DICK DIVES IN -

THERE THEY ARE!

BOY! RIGHT THROUGH THE GLASS!

SPLASH!

AND WHILE YOU'RE IN HERE - HAVE A DRINK!

GLUB-GLUB!

A MINUTE LATER DICK FLINGS DARE'S LIMB FORM OUT OF THE POOL....

GOSH - LOOK AT DARE NOW!

DARN LITTLE FIGHT LEFT IN HIM, NOW!

GRAB HIM, BOYS!

AS DICK CLIMBS OUT -

YOU LITTLE SQUIRT! I'LL FIX YOU! I'LL GET EVEN WITH YOU FOR THIS! YOU -

AW - SLOW UP - FELLA!

WE BOTH NEEDED THAT DUCKING TO COOL OFF...LET'S FORGET IT, HUH? SHAKE ON IT!

SHAKE? I WOULD NOT TOUCH YOUR DIRTY HAND!

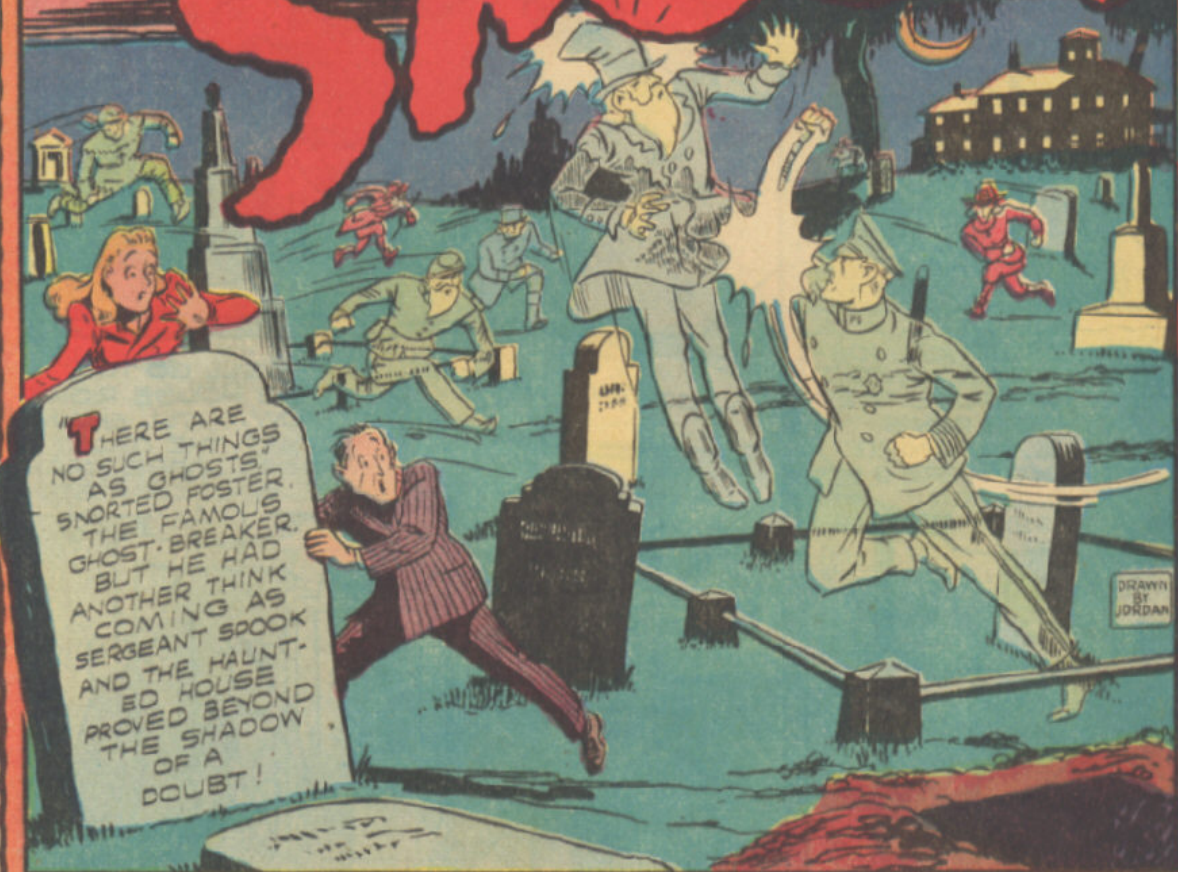
ALL RIGHT, PAL! BUT FROM NOW ON, KEEP OUT OF MY WAY!

GO ON! WONDER-BOY! YOU'LL GET YOURS!

WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE DICK WAS IN FOR A LITTLE TROUBLE AT THE HANDS OF MR. TED DARE!
Yes, sir!

So long 'till next month, gang!
Bob Davis

Sergeant Spook



DRAWN
BY
JORDAN

THE OFFICE OF FOSTER,
EXPOSER OF
FAKE GHOSTS...

GOOD EVENING. MY
NAME IS MISS
ROSE TENNANT.

OH, YES... YOU RE-
CENTLY INHERITED
THE TENNANT
MANSION...



RIGHT! I WANT TO SELL
IT, BUT PEOPLE ARE AFRAID
TO BUY THE PLACE. THEY
SAY IT'S HAUNTED BY THE
GHOST OF MY UNCLE
JACOB!

SIGN THIS CONTRACT,
AND I'LL PROVE
THEY'RE WRONG!



IF I SUCCEED, YOU PAY
ME \$1,000. IF I FAIL...
I GIVE YOU AN
IDENTICAL SUM!
HEY...!

I'LL TAKE
THE PEN!



AT SERGEANT SPOOK'S SUDDEN ENTRANCE, ROSE GIGGLES NERVOUSLY...

TEE-HEE! YOUR PEN'S FLOATING IN THE AIR! MAYBE IT'S UNCLE JAKE'S GHOST!

A GHOST HAND SCRAWLS A MESSAGE!

EEK!
IT SAYS...
THERE ARE GHOSTS!
BEWARE!



BUT THE SKEPTICAL FOSTER IS NOT CONVINCED!

MY OFFICE BOY'S PROBABLY PLAYING TRICKS... HERE'S ANOTHER PEN!

THE CONTRACT IS SIGNED!

I'M GOING TOO!

WE'LL GO TO THE HOUSE RIGHT NOW.... I'LL SHOW YOU THAT THE GHOST IS NOTHING MORE THAN THE WIND OR A STRAY CAT!

I-I HOPE SO!



Later...

T-THAT PLACE M-MAKES M-ME S-SHIVER!

AW... IT'S YOUR IMAGINATION! LET ME HAVE THE KEY, PLEASE!

AND NOW, LET US ENTER... DON'T BE AFRAID, I'M WITH YOU!



AS THEY ENTER THE HOUSE, THE DOOR SLAMS SUDDENLY... TOO SUDDENLY!

AS YOU CAN SEE, THERE'S NOTHING...

YEOW!

EEEK! IT'S THE GHOST!

SLAM!

A TRIFLE SHAKEN, FOSTER WHIPS OUT A GUN!

WE'LL SEE...

BANG!!

PROBABLY THE WIND.. EVEN GANGSTERS MIGHT HIDE OUT IN HERE...

WELL... EVEN IF THEY TRY, THEY CAN'T SCARE ME...

YOU'RE BRAVE, MR. FOSTER! WHAT WOULD POOR LITTLE ME DO WITHOUT YOU?

SUDDENLY, FOOTSTEPS ARE HEARD... IT IS THE GHOST OF UNCLE JAKE!

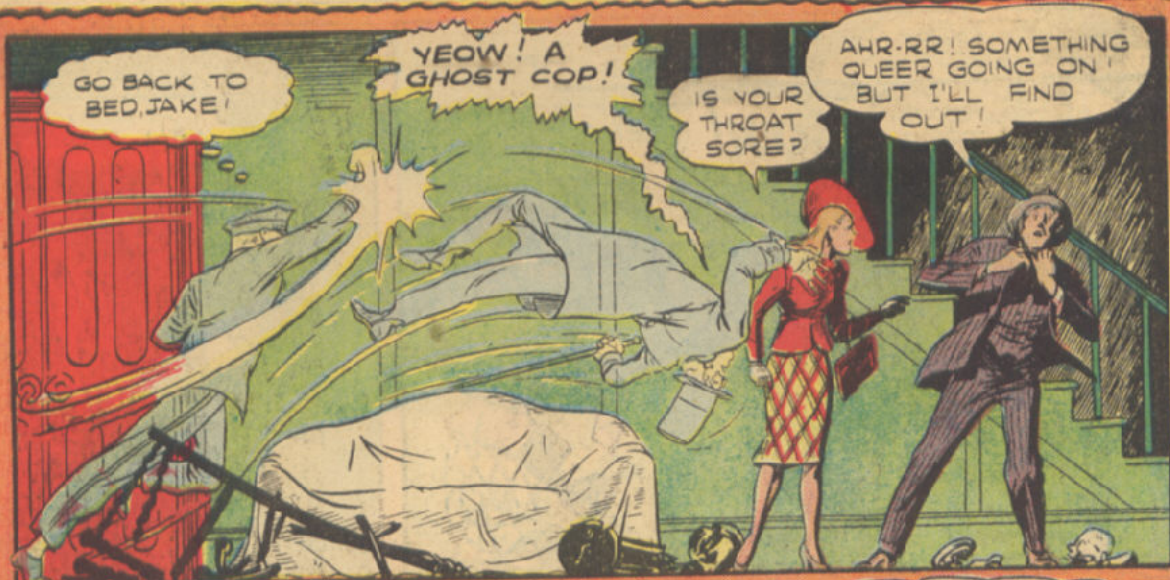
AHA! VISITORS!

I DON'T LIKE VISITORS!

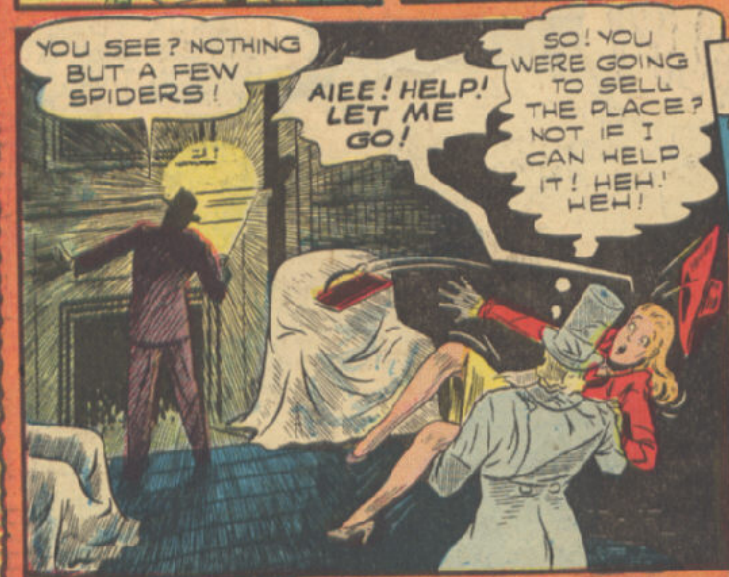
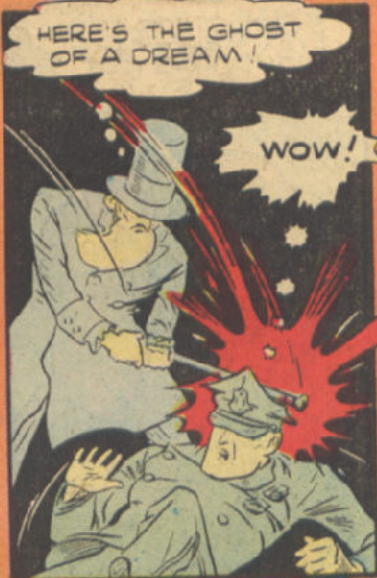
HALP!

EEEK! WHY, MR. FOSTER! WHAT'S THE MATTER?

THINK I'D BETTER TAKE A HAND IN THIS, NOW!



THE GHOST OF UNCLE JAKE TAKES A 'RUN-OUT POWDER'!



Meanwhile

WHAT A SOCK!
HEY! THAT GIRL'S
SCREAMING!



POOK RACES TO THE
PARLOR!

C'MERE A
MINUTE!

MY WRIST!
OH, DEAR...
THIS
PLACE!



AND SCRAWLS A MESSAGE
ON THE DUSTY WINDOW!

EVEN IF
YOU CAN'T
SEE ME--
TALK! WHERE
IS THE
GIRL?



O-OUT T-TOWARD
THE C-CEMETERY...
B-BUT WHO...WHO
AM I T-TALKING
TO...?



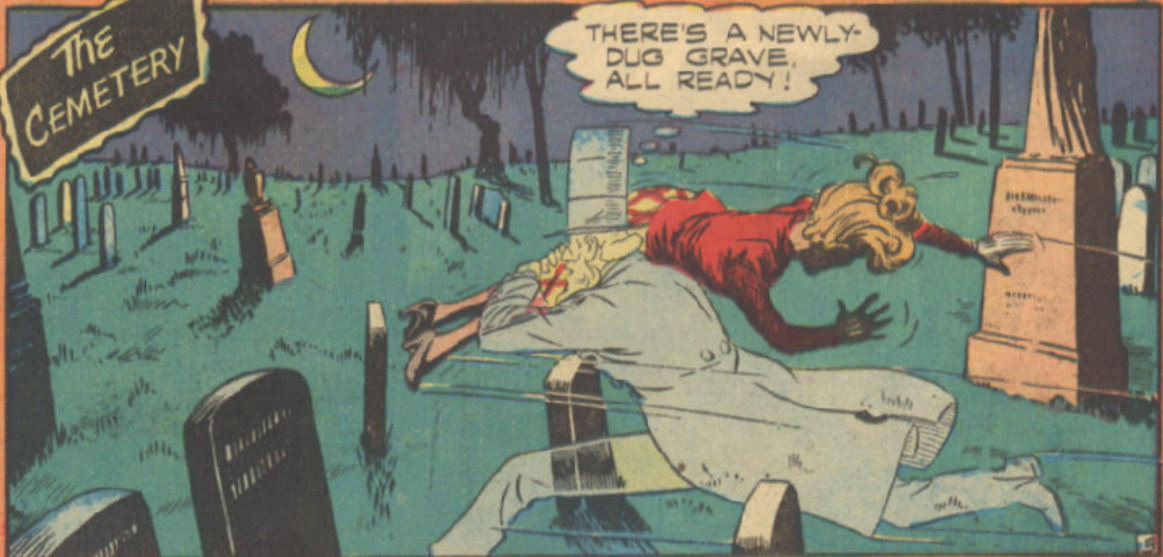
T-THE DOOR
OPENED AND IT
WASN'T THE
WIND...
AI-YHH!



THAT
GUYS JUST
OOZING
WITH
COURAGE!

The
CEMETERY

THERE'S A NEWLY-
DUG GRAVE,
ALL READY!



BURIED ALIVE!
HEH! HEH!

I'M BEING DROPPED
INTO THE GRAVE!
HELP!

POLICE TO THE RESCUE!

SO YOU WON'T
BE GOOD!

YEOW!

BREAKING AWAY, UNCLE
JAKE UTTERS A SHRILL
GHOST WHISTLE!

OOP!

OUT OF THE GRAVES RISES A REGIMENT
OF GHOSTS... UNCLE JAKE'S RELATIVES
FROM THE DAYS OF THE PILGRIMS!

MY GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-
GREAT-GREAT GRANDSON JAKE
IS CALLING! HE NEEDS
MY HELP!

HOLD EVERYTHING, JAKE!
I'M A-COMING JUST
AS I DID AT
BULL RUN!

WH-H-E-E-E

A GHOST BATTLE... WITH
NO HOLDS BARRED!

AND YOU'RE A-GOIN'-JUST
AS YOU DID AT
BULL RUN!

HEY!

POP!

BOP!

YEOW!
HE'S WORSE
THAN THE
INDIANS!

I
SHOULD'A KNOWN
BETTER THAN TO
LOOK FOR HELP FROM
MY RELATIONS!

THE OTHER GHOSTS RETURN TO THEIR GRAVES. SPOOK GRABS JAKE...

OKAY, UNCLE JAKE. START TALKING!

ALL RIGHT.. LET GO!



YOU SEE, IT'S THIS WAY. ALL MY FOLKS, AND THAT GOES FOR ME, TOO, WERE BORN AND RAISED IN THE OLD HOUSE!

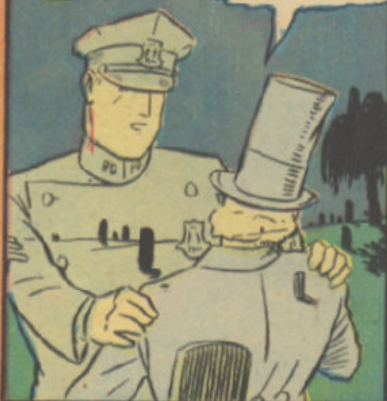


WE WANTED THE PLACE TO STAY IN THE FAMILY. WE DIDN'T WANT ROSE TO SELL IT! WAH-H!! GUESS WE'RE SENTIMENTAL!



CHEER UP, JAKE... I THINK I CAN FIX THINGS!

BOO-HOO! REALLY?



A MESSAGE! "DON'T SELL THE OLD HOUSE"! WELL, IF THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT, I WON'T! IT'S RATHER CUTE-EVEN IF IT'S HAUNTED!



TAKE A LOOK AT THE GREAT GHOST-BREAKER..



I'M THROUGH WITH HAUNTED HOUSES!



YOUR NIECE WINS A THOUSAND DOLLARS IN THE BARGAIN! NOT BAD!

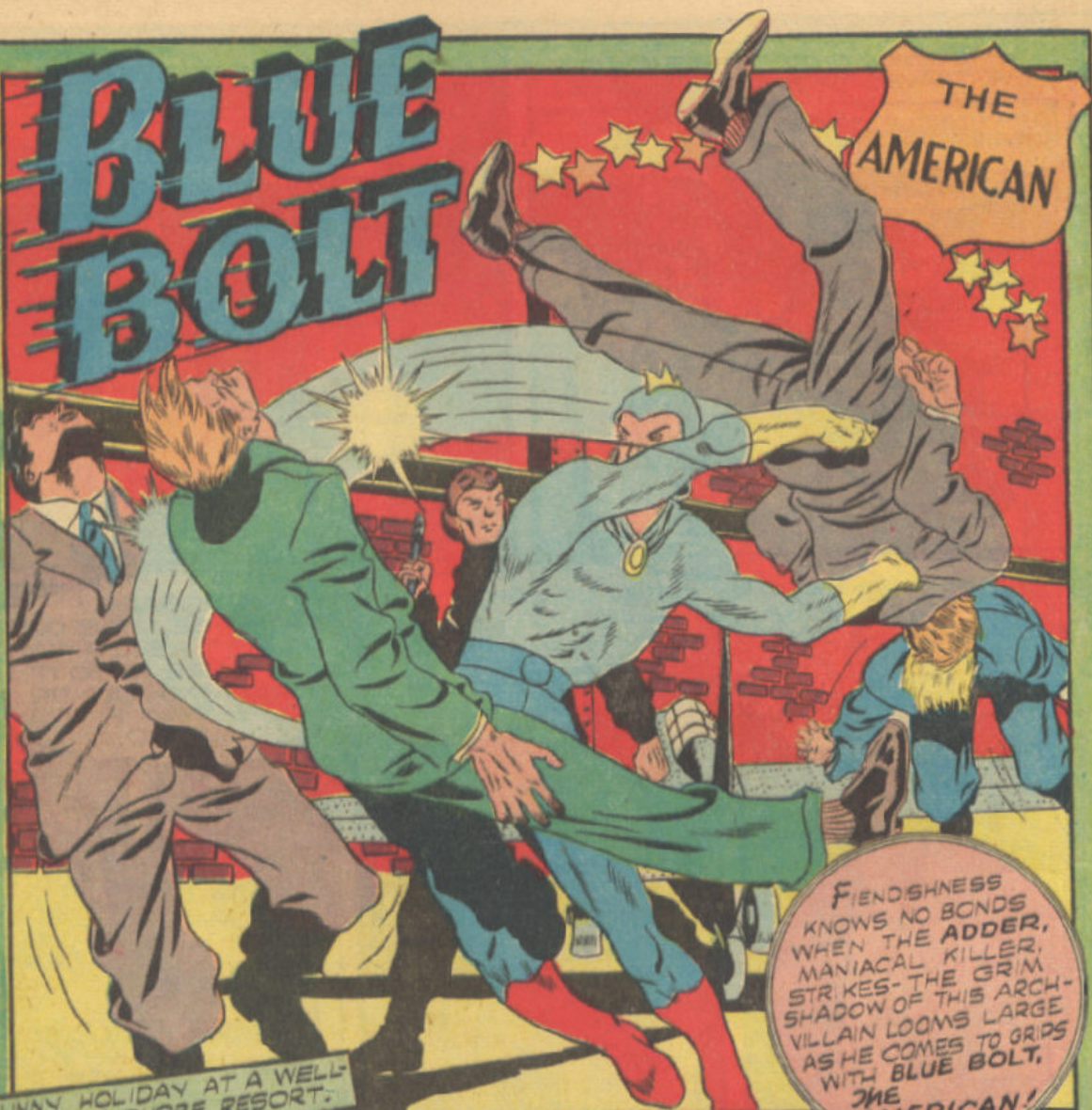
SHE CAN LIVE IN THE HOUSE NOW IN PEACE!



SERGEANT SPOOK RETURNS IN THE NEXT BLUE BOLT!

BLUE BOLT

THE
AMERICAN



FIENDISHNESS
KNOWS NO BONDS
WHEN THE ADDER,
MANIACAL KILLER,
STRIKES- THE GRIM
SHADOW OF THIS ARCH-
VILLAIN LOOMS LARGE
AS HE COMES TO GRIPS
WITH BLUE BOLT,
THE
AMERICAN!

A SUNNY HOLIDAY AT A WELL-
KNOWN SEA-SHORE RESORT.



HEY GANG! LOOK! A
SKY-WRITING
PLANE!

I WONDER WHAT
HE'S GOING
TO DO?



THE
GAPING
FOOLS!
SOON
THEY
WILL
SEE
NOTHING!



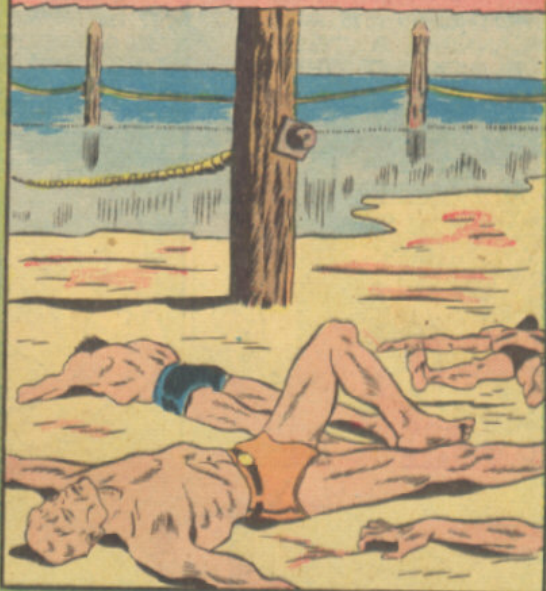
AS THOUGH STRUCK DOWN BY AN UN-
SEEN HAND THE ONLOOKERS
TOPPLE OVER IN AGONY!

JUDY... WHERE...
AHHHH!

I-I CAN'T
BREATHE!

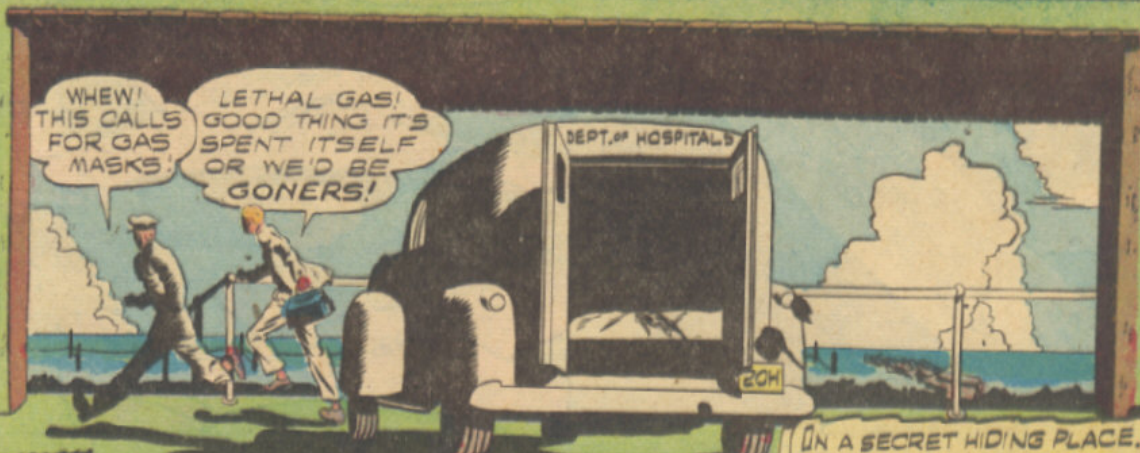


What HAD BEEN A HAPPY PLAYGROUND
IS NOW A SCENE OF GHASTLY DEATH!



WHEW!
THIS CALLS
FOR GAS
MASKS!

LETHAL GAS!
GOOD THING IT'S
SPENT ITSELF
OR WE'D BE
GONERS!



ON A SECRET HIDING PLACE.

Later...

WHAT
CAUSED
THE
DEATHS
DOCTOR
LUCIA?

GAS POISONING!
HOWEVER
SOME OF THE
LESS AFFECTED
VICTIMS MAY
RECOVER!



A HOSPITAL...

THEN THIS PLANE
STARTED TO SKY-WRITE
FORMED A SKULL... THEN
PEOPLE BEGAN TO FALL!
THAT'S ALL I REMEMBER!
IT WAS HORRIBLE!



TODAY, THEY HAVE FELT
MY STING! THE STING OF
THE ADDER!
HEH! HEH!



DAYS PASS...

SAY, JERRY, I HEAR THE AUTHORITIES ARE PLANNING A TEST BLACKOUT THIS WEEK!

YEA?

...DO NOT BE ALARMED TONIGHT WHEN THE CITY GOES DARK... IT IS MERELY A TEST BLACKOUT... YOU MAY HEAR ARMY PLANES OVERHEAD MAKING OBSERVATIONS!

THE CENTRAL POWER HOUSE, MEN AWAIT THE ZERO HOUR!

ALL RIGHT, MACKIE, PULL THE SWITCH!

RIGHT! IT'S LIGHTS OUT!



SWIFT ARMY PLANES TAKE OFF...

TIME, CAPTAIN!

UP WE GO!

UNKNOWN TO THE ARMY PILOTS, A STRANGE CRAFT JOINS THEIR FLIGHT...

IF THEY ONLY KNEW, THE ADDER IS THEIR VISITOR! HEH! TONIGHT I SHALL REAP A HARVEST... A CROP OF DEATH!

THE OBSERVATION PLANES DROP LEAFLETS!

OVER WITH THE LEAFLETS! WE'LL GIVE 'EM SOMETHING TO READ!